

Chapter 1

A dark, atmospheric illustration. In the foreground, a person with dark hair, wearing a purple jacket and white gloves, is kneeling on a wooden floor. They are looking down at their hands. To the left, a Christmas tree is decorated with lights and ornaments. In the background, a large window shows a snowy outdoor scene where another person in a hooded jacket stands. The overall mood is somber and isolated.

Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 1

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"We're snowed in." Mom read the texts on her phone, frowning.

"What about Dad? Everyone else?" I watched her carefully. I loved Mom, that was no secret. But I was also madly, secretly *in* love with her. What better way to spend Christmas than alone with my smart, beautiful mother? I pretended to be just as worried as her. "How bad is the storm?"

"It's bad. It's supposed to snow for days." She looked around our three-bedroom cabin. "At least we have power."

The power went out not two seconds later. She jinxed us!





It was the middle of the day, but the light was dim inside. Snow swirled and caressed the westward windows. Mom's eyes widened. I didn't know if she was adjusting to the gloom or freaking the fuck out. "Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit! We have to drive out." Okay, so she *was* freaking out. She never swore in front of me. She stood, her frown deepening. "We can't stay here, sweetie." She raced to the front door, opened it, and stood looking out. Snow swirled in around her.

"There's already two feet of snow. We can't drive out." I joined her at the door. "We have to ride out the storm." I put my hand on the door and gently pushed it closed. "You're letting snow in, Mom."

"Oh ... no." Mom turned and hugged me, pressing her face into my shoulder. I put my arms around her, my hands feeling the outline of her bra. I knew the brassiere was putting in a yeoman's effort by containing her boobs. They were huge and

pressing into my chest. If I could just see them, that would be enough. We had plenty of booze. Tomorrow was Christmas. I swore to myself I'd make it happen.

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“What a man you’ve become.” Mom warmed her hands by the roaring fire I’d stoked. “Sometimes, I still think of you as my little man. But you’ve really grown up.”

“Thanks, Mom.” My cheeks grew hot from the compliment and the flames. I sat on the hearth and picked up one of the bottles of white wine she’d packed. “Something to pass the time before bed?” My stomach was full from our cold dinner. A different kind of hunger gnawed at me. I needed to get her drunk if I was going to have any chance.

“You’re not old enough to drink, Logan.” She cocked her head at me. There was some leeway here. I could tell she was thinking it over.

“I’ll be twenty-one in three months. You know I drink with my friends.” I pulled the cork and looked over at Mom. She was wearing a tight sweater, and I couldn’t help staring at her boobs. When I met her gaze, it was obvious that she’d caught me peeking. I quickly looked away.

“I mean ... I suspected ... but you never said anything.” Mom shrugged. “I wish we didn’t have secrets, sweetie.”

“Me too, Mom.” I poured the wine and handed her a glass. Over the course of an hour, we drank the bottle. I opened another one and steered us into a game of Truth or Dare. As we drank the second bottle, I waited for her to ask me about my love life. She was always pestering me about who I was dating, so I knew she’d bring it up on her own.



"Truth," I said.

"Okay ... okay." She sipped her wine, her motions languid and sloppy. Her words weren't slurred yet, but she was clearly drunk. We both were. "Who's your biggest crush right now?" Mom blushed and glanced toward the fire.

"Well ... um ... you are." I wanted to turn away, but I didn't. I sat up straighter, ready to face the music.

"Um ... what? I must have misunderstood you." She gulped down the rest of her glass.

"You are the most gorgeous woman on the planet. I'd give anything just to see your boobs." I did my best to keep my breathing even, pushing panic away. If I didn't go for it now, I never would. This was my moment. "You're the woman I have a crush on. It's always been you, Mom."

"What ... are you saying?" She carelessly put the empty glass on the coffee table, it rolled on its side and tumbled to the carpet, unbroken.

"You asked for the truth." I shrugged and slumped in my seat. It could see she was going to reject me.

"I've ... I've seen the way you look at me. I just thought ... all boys your age ... do that." She shook her head. "Thank you for being honest." She stood and put the cork in the bottle. "Now let's forget this ever happened. We're going to wake up tomorrow and ... make the best of things." She fled toward the master bedroom, turning back in the doorway. "I'll take this room. You can sleep in either of the other rooms. Get that fire roaring before you go to bed. It's going to be cold tonight." She closed the door and disappeared.

I did as she asked, and the fire was roaring when I finally went to bed. I'd been shot down. I felt gut shot. With a sigh, I curled up and tried to sleep. Even with a mountain of blankets on top of me, it was a bitterly cold night. After much tossing and turning, I stripped naked, hoping that the radiant heat between me and the blanket might warm me better. It was something I'd read once. It turned out to be bullshit. It was a rough, frigid night.

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"Sweetie? Sweetie?" Mom hovered over me, shaking my shoulder. I blinked my eyes awake. "The fire's out. And it's soooooo cold." I could see her breath hanging in the air.

"Okay." I jumped out of bed, forgetting that I was naked. My dick was in full morning wood mode and flopped around as I crossed the room for my pants.

"Oh ... my." Mom blushed and turned away. "Do you always ... sleep naked?"



"I was trying something last night." I quickly dressed. "Something about heat radiating at a greater distance between the body and blanket."

"Did it work?" She was hugging herself from the cold.

"Yeah, it was really warm," I lied. I didn't want her thinking I was a complete fuckup after the night before. The snow was over six feet high when I opened the front door. I dug a path to the wood pile on the side of the cabin, carried in the logs, and got a new fire going. The power was out, there was no reception, and no Wi-Fi. We didn't know how much longer the snow would keep piling up outside, so I brought most of the logs into the cabin. I didn't want to dig a new trench tomorrow. I was sweating by the time I sat down, panting from my hard labor.

"Well, this is a terrible Christmas." Mom rubbed her hands, sitting on the edge of the hearth. She caught me staring at her boobs again. They were poorly hidden under a Christmas sweater. I could see a bemused frown on her face before I looked away.

"At least we're together." I shrugged.

"That's the spirit." She went over to the kitchen and retrieved a bottle of wine. She held it up. "Perfectly chilled."

"Isn't it a little early?" I watched her uncork it. She poured two glasses and brought them back to the fire.

"I have a lot on my mind. We're stuck in the middle of nowhere. The rest of the family isn't coming. And your dad has all the presents in his car." She handed me a glass and sipped hers. "Like I said, I have a lot on my mind. I need something to take the edge off."

"Okay, sure, Mom." I wondered why she hadn't mentioned the truth I'd shared the night before. That was probably at the top of her mountain of problems that she was trying to forget. "Let's break out the fancy cheese and crackers. We can make this the best worst Christmas ever." I got her to smile with that. We clinked our glasses together and got out the good stuff.



Neither of us got plastered, but we did spend the day buzzed. We played cards. We played Chutes and Ladders. We talked. Mostly we stayed huddled by the fire. It was late afternoon when we finished a heated round of Twenty Questions. She always knew what I was thinking, never needing more than twelve questions. I had a harder time getting inside her head. We sat in silence as the light faded, sipping our wine and staring at the fire.

"Your whole life, I've wanted to make you

happy." Mom's voice was low and contemplative. "That's always been my Achilles heel with you and your sisters. I just want to see you happy. Your father would say I'm a pushover."

"Mom, I -" I started, but she cut me off by raising a finger.

"Let me finish." She sipped her wine and turned her eyes from the fire to me. "I'll show them to you. If that will *really* make you happy."

My pulse quickened and my dick hardened. I thought she'd shot me down, but she'd been thinking about what I said the whole time. I nodded enthusiastically.

"I can tell by your enormous grin that it *would* make you happy." Mom didn't return my smile. Her face was filled with doubt. "I'll only show them to you if you promise me you'll find a girlfriend. Not someone to date like you usually do. I mean ... you know ... someone you'll bring home to meet me and your dad. I don't want you fixated on me. It's not healthy. Promise me you'll find a smart, pretty girl that will make you happy."

"I promise, Mom." I put the wineglass down. My hand was shaking so much I was afraid I'd spill it everywhere.

"This is a binding deal, Logan. I'll hold you to it. You'll find yourself a girlfriend." She put her wineglass down, too, and nodded like she'd made a decision. She stood, reached down, and held the hem of her sweater.

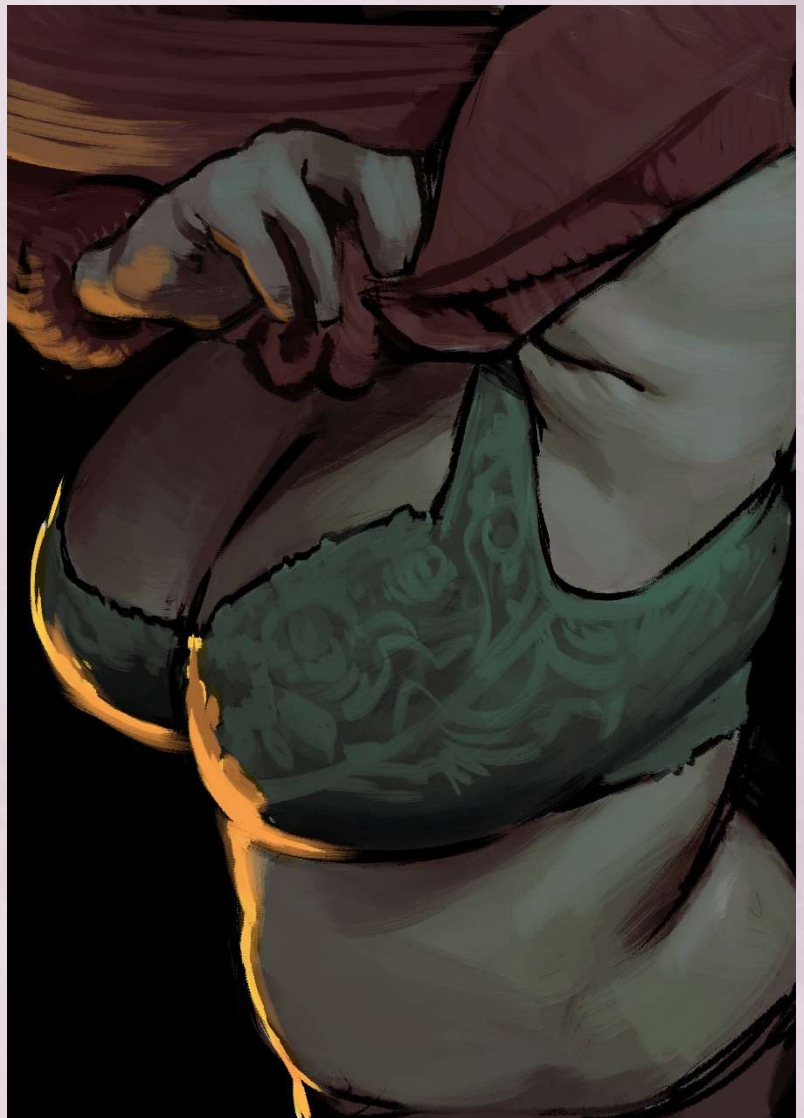
"I can't believe I'm doing this." Slowly, she pulled the sweater up her body, wiggling slightly. I was on the edge of my seat, ready to see her bra, but she had on more layers underneath. I nearly laughed out loud, I was so nervous. But I held it in. I didn't want her to think I was laughing at her. She wiggled out of the other layers, put them down on the armchair behind her, and stood in front of me wearing only her jeans, wool socks, and bra. I stared with my mouth hanging open. It was a boring bra, but it exposed a milky white expanse of cleavage.

"Wow ... Mom ... you're beautiful." I adjusted my cock as it uncomfortably pushed at the confines of my underwear.

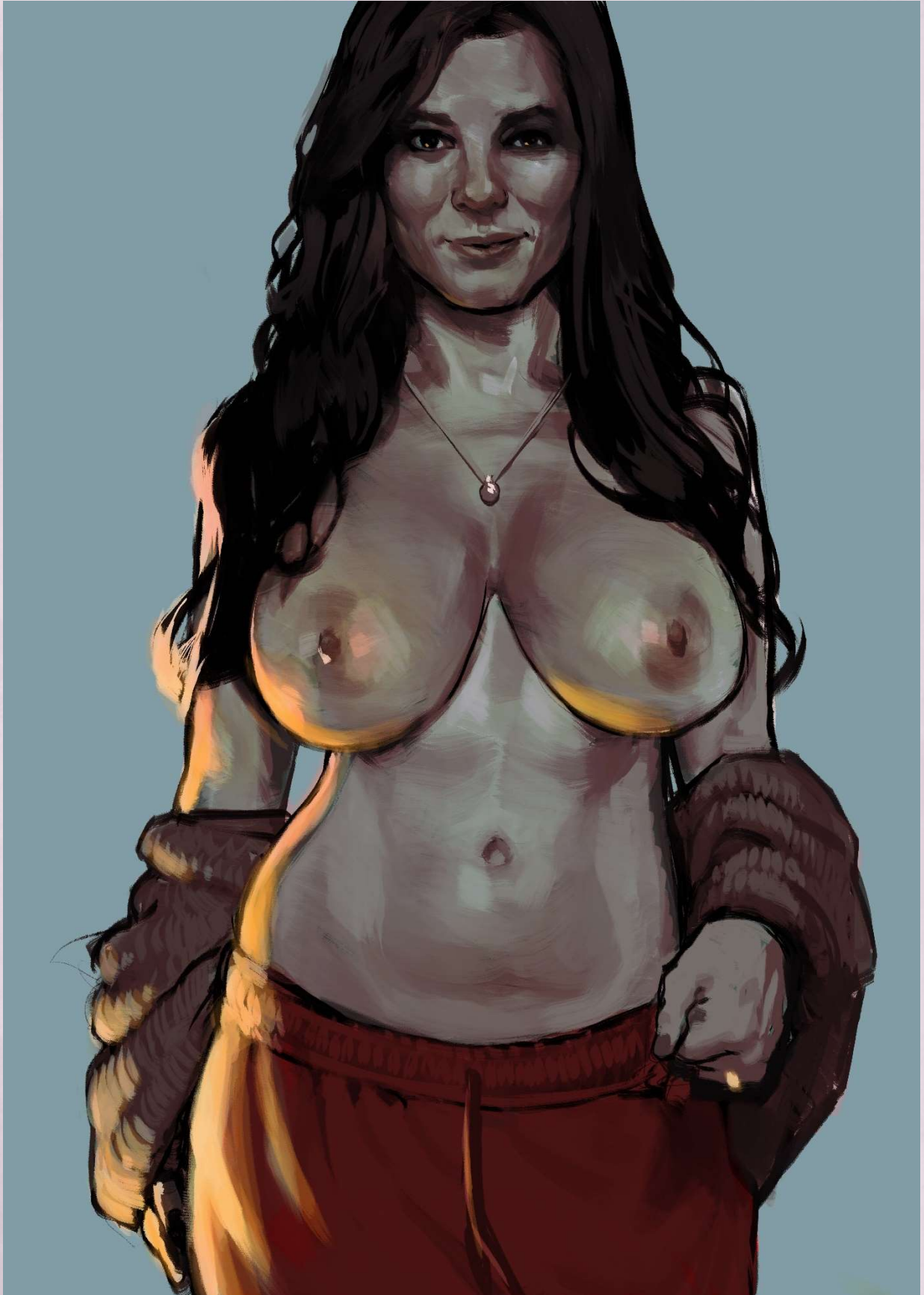
"Once upon a time, you loved these." She put her hands under her boobs and hefted them, causing her cleavage to shake. "It seems we've come full circle."

"Can you take off the bra, too? Please?" My breath caught in my throat when she nodded and reached behind her back. She unclasped the bra and pulled it off unceremoniously.

"Here you go. I hope you like them." She put her hands by her sides and stood in front of me. Even with the fire going, it was cold in the cabin. Her nipples looked stiff.



"Best ... tits ... ever." My gaze roved over her bare skin. Her shoulders and arms were thin and delicate. Her breasts sloped dramatically out to large pink nipples and areolae. A lattice of blue veins was evident under her pale skin, making her seem all the more vulnerable bared for me.



"Watch your language, Logan." She didn't look mad. She still looked confused and maybe a bit patronizing.

"Sorry, Mom." My gaze fell back to her tits. "You've really made me happy today. This is the best Christmas present ever. I wish you didn't ever have to put them away."

"I'll tell you what. Since this is the only Christmas present you're getting, I won't put my bra back on." She picked up her underlayers. "You can look all you want for the rest of the night, and you don't have to look away embarrassed like you always do when I catch you sneaking a peek." She put her clothes back on. Her nipples were more than evident pushing at her Christmas sweater.

"Best ... Mom ... ever." I couldn't wipe the grin off my face.

"I'm glad you think so." She went back into the kitchen to fetch us some more wine. "It fills my heart to see you so happy, sweetie." She came back and refilled our glasses. "More Chutes and Ladders?"

I was on cloud nine the rest of the night. We played games and talked, and I stared at her headlights unapologetically. Eventually, it was time for bed. But that's a story for another Christmas. Maybe I'll tell you about it next year. If you're lucky.

